

# THE REALM OF WOMAN AND HER WORK

## HINTS TO BRIDESMAIDS.

### Something About What is Expected of Them.

What is expected of a bridesmaid is a puzzle to many girls and therefore a few hints on the matter may be helpful. It often happens that when a girl with a limited dress allowance is asked to be a bridesmaid she is afraid of having to buy an expensive costume, which will very likely be neither particularly becoming nor useful to her afterward. Formerly it was very usual for the bride to give her bridesmaids their dresses, but now it is seldom done, so if she intends doing so she should announce her intention at once, for it may very likely enable a girl to be her bridesmaid who would otherwise have to decline on the score of expenses.

The bride usually decides the color and style of dresses and headgear, and gives her bridesmaids the address of the modiste.

Each bridesmaid is expected to give the bride a present, just as other invited guests are expected to do. A little note should be written and sent with it, and it may either be despatched as soon as the wedding is announced, or within a day or two of the ceremony.

The bridesmaids drive to church and wait near the door for the bride. They should be arranged in two lines facing each other. When the bride appears she is led by her father or brother and passes through the ranks of her attendants, who form a procession and follow her up the church. The chief bridesmaid should be nearest to the bride, so as to be

ready to take her gloves and bouquet when they are handed to her, as they will be before it comes to the time for the putting on of the ring.

After the wedding the bridesmaid is not only right, but the reverse is considered very bad form in church, so the bridesmaids should not laugh and talk either before the arrival of the bride or while waiting for her to come out of the vestry after signing the register. The best man and chief bridesmaid accompany the bride, but the rest of the bridesmaids wait outside.

The bridesmaid's bouquets are given to them by the bridegroom, who usually sends them some memento of the wedding—generally some article of jewelry—on the day before.

When the bride returns to her room the bridesmaid is to accompany her and give her any assistance required.

It is the privilege of the chief bridesmaid or of the best man to throw a slipper after the departure of the bride, throwing it in an unobtrusive manner to the bride's feet, and ought to be put down. In no case should it be thrown by unmarried ladies.—Philadelphia Times.

## The Nightmare of Microbes.

A woman who had purchased a pair of gloves was given three one-dollar bills in change. "Do it up in paper, please," she said to the salesgirl. The request was complied with, and the wrapped up bills were put in a pocket-book.

"Some persons are microbes," said a physician in explaining the incident. "Many have it so bad that they will not even pick up a pin, because it has been said that all sorts of disease germs can be collected under their heads. Dread of microbes is a common form of hypochondria. I can sympathize with a person who does not like to see a woman with a bundle of dirty clothes for washing set into a public conveyance, but there is no use in going to extremes."

"Ever since the reminiscences of Koch and Pasteur have attracted attention the number of microbes mania has steadily increased."—San Francisco Call.

**Toast to the Nurses.**

The following verses were given by Robert Grant recently in response to the toast of "The Ladies" at the dinner of the Tavern Club, of Boston, in honor of those who did service in connection with the hospital ship Day Star:

You ask me to speak in behalf of the ladies  
Who shone in our hour with the cohorts  
Of Cadiz or Cadiz!  
You ask me to speak on behalf of the nurses,  
And with your permission I'll do it in  
verses.

"The ladies, God bless them!" the toast  
never varies  
From Alaska's cold snows to the sunny  
Canaries.

Man fills up his goblet and drains it while  
drinking.  
But the sentiment lies in the thought  
which he's thinking.  
Those dear little dolls with their pretty  
grimaces,  
Their kittenish ways and their delicate  
faces,  
Are precious to some because dainty and  
fearful,  
Adorably helpless and readily tearful.  
The housewives with tact, rather plump  
and good-looking,  
Nice, amiable souls, with a genius for  
cooking,  
Are popular still with the saint and the  
sinner.

When the Chair cries "The ladies!" man  
thinks of his dinner.  
The daughter of Spain, with the night in  
her hair,  
With the rose in her eye and the indolent  
air,  
Entrances her lover who tapers at her  
pane;  
Delicious! But where are the navies of  
Spain?

The new woman is fair no man needs  
to be told.  
She has night in her hair, she has tresses  
of gold;  
But what makes her precious for you  
and for me,  
Is the soul which is in her, the soul which  
is free.  
Which, bursting the fetters of fashion and  
caste,  
Undertaken by tradition and dyed to the  
past,  
Seeks a post in the ranks, claims the right  
to a place  
Wherever her presence can succor the  
race.  
Wherever there's room for sweet patience  
and care,  
For love which complains not and cour-  
age to bear  
The stress of life's battles; albeit to tread  
A hospital ship in the wake of the dead.  
Humanity calls and undaunted she stands  
There is sweat on her brow, there is blood  
on her hands.  
Not dimes with traditions, does this give  
you pain?  
Take heed, and remember the navies of  
Spain!

"The ladies, God bless them!" Long life  
to the toast.  
A health to the nurses who served at  
their post.  
In a hospital ship on a hurricane sea,  
For the sake of our country, for you and  
for me.

—New York Tribune.

## Girls With Thin Arms.

Thin arms should be carefully con- sidered, writes a contributor to the Ladies' Home Journal. They have an impover- ished look that robs their owner of some of her dignity. If the arms are unduly long, as they occasionally are, the effect may be neutralized by wearing wide bands of black velvet fastened with pretty buttons or clasps or buckles. This reduces the apparent length of the arms. "Thin arms," says M. Charles Blanc, the great French authority on dress, "denote bad health and an enfeebled race." The best remedy is to wash the arms with a fine lather of soap at least twice a day and to dry them thoroughly and rub them vigorously. This treatment brings

the pores into action and induces a healthy condition of the skin. Rubbing with soft chamade leather is excellent for the skin, giving it both smoothness and gloss.

### In the Time of the Rose.

Now that the crimson rose is queen once more  
There sits within my heart the keen desire  
To see the morning touch with golden fire  
The slender minarets by the Pharos  
To tread the byways that I trod of yore  
Amid the chattering merchants come from Tyre,  
Beyrout and Bagdad, and to hear the cheer  
Of passionate bulbul at the night's dim door.

Thus doth the rose inspire me, being kin  
To blooms I plucked in gardens Damascus  
In bygone days when all the earth  
Scented fair.  
And through the dreams that I am tangled in  
Glimpsed one with her bewitching Orient  
mien,  
The rose of Love red-woven in her hair!  
—Clifton Scotland in Woman's Home Companion.

## Anniversary of Old Man's Wedding Day.

By Jeffery T. Brannen.

In the days of second childhood toward  
The setting of the sun,  
Nigh on autumn twilight, with frost  
a-sowing on  
An' the flowers that in life's spring time  
were selected from the red,  
Like the tender apple-blossom a-witherin'  
on my breast—  
'Tis the golden anniversary of the old  
man's wedding day  
An' the young folks trip to music nothin'  
like we used to play,  
An' me a-bobbin' mother's hand as ten-  
derly, you know,  
As when I took 'er for a bride just fifty  
years ago.

We've been arragin' for a week to  
beautify the scene;  
A platform's been erected for the dancers  
on the green.  
A host of yellow lanterns strung out pi-  
ramidally  
A-flickerin' like candles on a giant Christ-  
mas tree.  
The orchestra playin' and the sound of  
"Edward four"  
Has made the old man feel as it be'd  
like to hit the floor,  
So if me an' mother git a chance to trip  
the heel an' toe,  
We'll show them how we stung ourselves  
jest fifty years ago.

For this, the golden milestone of the  
dusk of evening,  
Has kinder spruced the old man up, his  
sweetheart by his side,  
Has fanned the stumblin' embers of the  
love we hold within  
Till I feel that me an' mother are dead  
in love again.  
Although the blush upon her cheek has  
changed to fly white  
An' hair that once was goldenish looks  
silvery to-night—  
Blue eyes that stole into my heart, they  
hardly sparkle so—  
She's just a little sweeter now than fifty  
years ago.

—Jeffery T. Brannen in Chicago Chronicle.

## SOME GREAT LOVERS.

Byron, Tom Moore, Heine and Goethe  
Loved Perseus and Ocean.

Byron was foolishly jealous of every woman he ever loved. His loves ran well into figures, and he managed, sooner or later, to make every one miserable. Heinrich Heine, the poet, was also terribly jealous. One day he poisoned a parrot belonging to his lady love, for fear it should claim too much of her attention.

"The Rivals" is a true story of Sher- dan's courtship, the character of Lydia Languish in the life play being taken by Miss Lindsey, who later became the author's wife.

Thomas Moore was always in love. If one looks through his poems one may find the names of some sixteen different ladies to whom he swore eternal fidelity.

It is said that when Goethe was first to love he carved upon a tree in the neighboring forest a couple of hearts united by a scroll, and a little later received a sound thrashing from the forester for thus damaging the bark.—Boston Globe.

**To Take Care of Ferns.**

"In their native lair," said a house-keeper recently, "ferns are always moist and cool. So I reason that to keep house ferns growing and green they must have a thorough sprinkling every day. Just pouring water on the roots won't do. Put the plants in the bathtub and give them a good wetting with a bath spray.—Chicago Times-Herald.

**A Paragon.**

Mother—I don't like the looks of that boy I saw you playing with on the street to-day. You mustn't play with bad little boys, you know.

Son—O, he ain't a bad little boy, ma-ma! He's a good little boy! He's been to the reform school two times, and they've let him out each time on account of good behavior.—Puck.

**Proof of Devotion.**

"The way Jack Bright is devoted to that Plunkett girl is ahead of anything I ever came across." "How does he show it?" You know Ma Plunkett—weighs two hundred?" "Yes." "Jack is teachin' her to ride a wheel!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Example Right at Hand.**

It was the beautiful young wife reprovingly—O, Herald, you do have such awfully expensive tastes!

And the extravagant young husband—Yes, dear, that is why I am so fond of you!—Smy Stories.

**Of Course He Was.**

Young wife—You were intoxicated when you came in last night.

Young husband—Only at the sight of your beauty.—Smy Stories.

**Just a Glimpse.**

Fern—By the way, who is the lady that bowed to us as we left the carriage?

Dorothy—The one with the black silk skirt, the rose petticoat, plaid silk waist, purple collar with silver chain, tan coat, black hat with purple tips, carrying a silver-trimmed card case?

Papa—Yes.

Dorothy—I don't know; I just caught a glimpse of her.—Truth.

**His Day Off.**

He couldn't cut the grass upon the lawn,  
The weather was too beastly hot, he said.  
To push the heavy mower pro and con  
Would be enough to put a man in bed.

He went into a picnic in the park,  
And there he met a captivating maid;  
She smiled at him—he was an easy mark—  
And it was 37 in the shade.

She looked to have a ride upon the pond;  
She looked at him and heaved a gentle sigh.  
Of "owing him was very, very fond—  
And not a cloud was floating in the sky.

She sat beneath her dainty parasol;  
He roared and yelled all that he had out!  
Oh, it was 37, that was all!  
At home the grass was laid upon the lawn.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

**The Sequel.**

"Did you ever laugh until you cried, Tommy?"

"Yes, only this morning."

"What?"

"Well, pa stepped on a tack and I laughed; then pa caught me laughing and I cried!"—Chicago News.

## June.

When the clover is deep in the orchard,  
And the grass waxes fresh and free;  
When the strawberry sweet, in sunny retreat,  
Waits for the robin or me;  
When the babbling down in the meadow  
Is slinging his rollicking song;  
When skies are blue and clouds are few,  
And the days are happy and long;  
When the butterfly waxes the white rose,  
And everything seems in tune,  
Oh, then you may hear the clock of the year  
Striking the hour of June.  
—Boston Transcript.

## FILIPINO WOMEN.

In many respects the Filipino women are attractive, that is, at mid-range, the power of attraction varying, I am told, inversely with the square of the distance. But as you go along the street you are certain to be pleased with their inevitable neatness of dress. To be sure, the cos-

tume would seem brief for Broadway or the Lake Shore drive, but out here it is quite the fashion for a woman's dress to reach only to her knees, and she doesn't wear stockings. The skirt is ordinarily made of calico or some similar light-weight material, and reds of different tints are varied with black. The waist is of a thinner, gauzy material, over an undershirt of white, and the large puffy sleeves reach only to the elbow. The garment is cut quite low on the shoulder and straight across, and is always down, exposing one shoulder, and a full round back. The head is carried as erect as possible, owing to the habit of bearing baskets and burdens upon it. The hair is pulled straight back and knotted behind, and when the wearer gets through combing it she sticks a common comb straight in it for an ornament, and wears it there projecting on either side. She never wears a hat, and that, I suppose, is one reason why the Filipinos can live so cheaply and support the war. Her shoes, too, are inexpensive and don't seem to change in style; they are of wood, and she scuffs them along the walk as she moves her feet, for they are surrounded only by a cloth band across the toes. This costume probably seems odd, but

## MISS ELIZABETH McDONALD LAUDER.



There are few young women in the South who enjoy a wider reputation for beauty, refinement and gracefulness than does Miss Elizabeth McDonald Lauder, the daughter of Captain and Mrs. William Lauder, of Norfolk. Miss Lauder is the belle of that city, and is exceedingly popular by reason of her gentle manners and charming personality. She is active in church work despite her many social duties, and is an accomplished musician. She usually acts as organist in the Second Presbyterian church, Freeman street, and spends no small part of her time in the promotion of the religious and charitable work of this church.

Wholly earnest and unaffected, Miss Lauder has a host of girl friends in Norfolk, who are among her most ardent admirers.

Her father, Captain Lauder, is the agent at Norfolk of the British Legation. The family residence is on Grace street.

## THE VERY MEANEST MAN.

### Insisted on Attending His Wife's Ladies' Luncheon.

Of course it would happen that on the day set by Mrs. Twitt McNaught for her "ladies' luncheon" her husband came from business with a severe cold and insisted upon her immediate attention.

It was only an hour before her ten guests would arrive, and the poor woman was well nigh distracted.

"This is the worst trick," groaned her husband, as he sat up in bed and sipped his hot whisky. "Folde-ra! and flim-flam and gab and chatter about nothing in particular. What the deuce do women want to see each other for? They all hate each other anyway!"

"No, they don't," reported his wife, stoutly, and as for the little party, it's the first I've had in four years! I must make some excuse for people's hospitality. You can get a nice sleep, and we won't disturb you a bit. I'll have Annie and you up some gruel in an hour."

"Gruel? If you think a man as sick as I am can eat anything! I guess you don't realize my condition, woman."

"I am very sorry, Twitt, dear, that you feel so badly, but I can't turn those people away now."

"Well, get rid of 'em as soon as you can. I'm afraid I am a very sick man."

"Oh, Twitt, dear!"

Here the servant announced that the cook had sent word that if the squabs didn't fly in mighty soon there'd be no squabs.

Mr. McNaught picked up his ears.

"Squabs, eh?" he ejaculated. "And for what?"

"Yes, dear," replied his wife, meekly. "Squabs, dear, but of course you—"

"Well, you are going to," continued Mr. McNaught. "And what's the reason?"

"Squab chicken, dear."

"But it's a good thing you don't give those squabs more than once in four years. What else?"

"Bisque of cream soup, braised lobster, escallops, new potatoes, peas, a salad,

strawberries and ice cream and coffee. But I must run down and see the cook. Try to sleep, dear."

Did Mr. McNaught try to sleep? He did not.

He arose, shaved, dressed himself and appeared in the parlor half an hour later before his amazed wife, "all smiles and short collar."

Of course introductions were necessary, and then his confused helpmeet took him aside and gasped:

"But, Twitt, dear, you're not going to luncheon surely?"

"Why not, I should like to know?"

"Why, it's a ladies' luncheon, dearie. Gentlemen don't go. There are just as many men as women here."

"Humph! You're ashamed of me, eh?"

"Now, Twitt, dear, be reasonable, dear. I've worked so hard for this little affair, and—"

"And I'll disagree it, eh? Oh, very well."

"Besides, dear, you're sick. You can't eat, and what pleasure will it be for you to hear us chatting about fashions and all that?"

Mr. McNaught ascended the stairs with a bitter smile upon his face.

"This is my reward," he exclaimed to the statue of the Apollo Belvedere that stood in the niche on the landing. "Years of toil and self-denial! I have my nose in the air, and this is the reward I receive! In luxury all about me, and I serve me right!"

Then he went into his own room and banged the door, while his wife shuddered at a fit of hysterics and went back to her kitchen with a heavy heart, while her face lightened by hearing Mr. McNaught order a portion of everything, from soup to coffee, sent up to his room, where it was eagerly devoured by that invalid, he not even sharing the squash which Mrs. McNaught had relinquished to his benefit, and which was his favorite dish, too.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## A Ballade of Coiffures.

Oh, I remember passing well  
The curly bang she used to wear,  
That rippling to her eyebrows full  
And gave to her a roguish air—  
My Nellie of the nut-brown hair—  
But Nellie's gone for evermore.  
To call her that I'd never dare,  
Since she's attained a Pompadour.

I mind me of a sandy Nell  
Who wore, I think, a bun, her hair  
All primly parted, showing well  
A marble forehead smooth and fair.  
One bright wave, say, but now I swear,  
She looks as if her foot be more  
In the new aspect she doth wear  
Since she's attained a Pompadour.

I wish I had made haste to tell  
My passion story, I declare,  
Nellie in Nellie or to Nell—  
No wonder did I sigh and sigh,  
For nowadays I never dare  
To call her that I'd never dare,  
So high and mighty is her air  
Since she's attained a Pompadour.

**ENVOL.**

Godless, whose mantle rules the fair,  
Revoke this edict, I implore,  
For I'm beginning to despair  
Since she's attained a Pompadour.  
—Jennie Eliza Hartwick in Harper's Bazar.

**Her Flirtation Book.**

The summer girl is not to be destitute of a flirtation book in which to keep a record of her episodes. It is considered quite the thing, and is meant to show in after years, to the confusion of one or more men who have in the meantime settled down and probably forgotten all about that "little affair."

The "Book of Flirtations" is all arranged in pages numbered 1st for each man, four to the page. The first details his appearance, the second the diary of their case, the third his presents and compliments, and the fourth—that the fourth is meant for the record of the way it all ended.

Each girl keeps her book a secret—until the season is over—to avoid clashes during the summer months allotted to amusement and rest, and into which these disputes may not enter.—New York Herald.

## The Cello.

While the bass drum boomed like thunder,  
And the music fell like rain,  
And the air was rent asunder  
With a jubilant, martial strain,  
The cello seemed talking under  
Its breath like a thing in pain.

And I questioned, "Why, O Cello,  
Are you dipping your notes in tears  
When the joyous voice of each fellow  
About you is charged with cheers,  
And the stern old world grows mellow  
And glad with the strain it hears?"

Then the Cello's voice replying  
Said, "Mine is the grief away  
To remember the dead and dying—  
While hapless comrades play  
For the victor with banners flying,  
And the living who gained the day."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Criticon.

**Put On a Life Preserver.**

She was a very plump woman. There are people who say they would like to be just as plump, but the woman herself is always thinking of ways and means by which her appearance of gluttony and circumference may be reduced, and anything that will apparently increase she regards with a dislike that is little short of abhorrence.

But if there is one thing that she dislikes more than her comfortable plumpness, it is the water. So, when one day, on a steamer in a fog, there was a collision, she was even more unhappy than most people are under such circumstances, though it was related afterward that she behaved with great coolness.

There was fortunately no more serious result from the collision than several hours' delay, but no one was quite sure in that time what the next minute would bring forth.

The husband of the woman with the comfortable plumpness, like the good husband that he was, immediately after accident found life preservers and in a matter of fact way started to assist his wife to put one on.

But she recoiled with such horror that for a moment he was not sure but that the shock had deprived her of her senses.

"Put on one of those things!" she almost shrieked, over there with one of those fat women "New York Times."

And she didn't put the life preserver on.—New York Times.



Cupid Offers the Freedom of His Province and the Keys of His Heart to the Mountain Girl of '99.